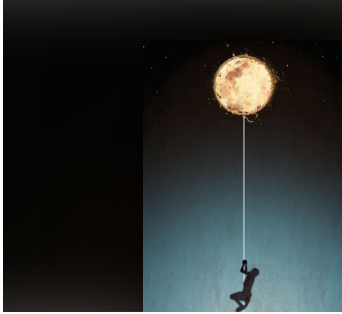




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The Boy who reached the Moon



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Chapter 1 by Kat Hy

They say that if you stand, at the point where the moon is closest to Earth, when the moon is at its peek beauty of waxing crescent, and there you are, alone, you look up, and there he is, the boy who reached the moon.

You can see him fishing for stars and dreams, he waves at you, you can try to chat with him but you can only hear a twinkling, bright laughter, coming from the boy in response, as he disappears into the darkness yet again.

This is the true story of a boy who longed for the moon and the stars. A boy who chased his dreams off the face of Earth. A boy who reached the moon.

Chapter 2 by The Ginger



The night the boy was born, the Moon's eyes were wide and unblinking. Those who knew the Moon knew that she was displeased.

The Stars were quite a different story. They crowded at the edge of the horizon, pushing and shoving past the shoulders of each other just to catch a glimpse of the boy. They wept in unison

and their tears of joy left empyrean streaks across the sky.

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"I see the moon, the moon sees me, the boy's mother sang, her soft voice like the rustle of the old oak tree." the boy's mother sang, her soft voice like the rustle of the old oak tree. She caught the stars' tears in her cupped hands, and she wept for the boy who reached the moon. She caught the stars' tears in her cupped hands, and she wept for the boy who reached the moon. She caught the stars' tears in her cupped hands, and she wept for the boy who reached the moon.

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Despite his mother's lullaby, the boy didn't sleep. Instead, his sparkling eyes drank in the Milky Way that painted the heavens above him. His pink fingers, still so new to the world, reached upward, attempting to catch the firmaments inside his tiny palms.

The notes of his mother's song began to dim, as slow as a sunset. "Oh let the light that shines on me, shine on the one I love." She gazed towards the Moon, and suddenly the celestial tune turned into a plea. A prayer.

Autumn leaves crunched and crackled like a fire underfoot as a man approached. He smelled like burning coal and wore a sweater woven from ashen soot.

"It's time, isn't it?" His voice was gravel.

The mother started at the man made of dirt, her eyes two black holes. "Yes."

"Andromeda, please, stay. If not for me, then for our son."

"You know I cannot."

Andromeda had the Little Dipper stuck in her platinum hair like a leaf, and the cosmos under her eyelashes. Her skin shone like moon rock and she had a nebulous air about her. She was clearly not meant for this world.

Moving like a comet streaking across the sky, she approached the man. Slowly, she placed her dear starry-eyed son in the arms of the earth-bound man.

"I love you both."

The words sparked out of her mouth and hung in the atmosphere like moonlight. Before the boy could cry or the man could speak, the Moon had reached out her long, spindly fingers.

"Come, Andromeda. Your sisters await your return."

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The boy still didn't sleep. Instead he gazed at the Stars. This is the beginning of Polaris, the boy with a star for a mother.

Chapter 3 by CMAW



Polaris grew up in rolling meadows and sunny days. He had friends in school, and was liked by most people who met him. He was most dedicated to the night, though. Every evening he looked up at the stars and talked to his mother. He loved to chat with the stars and look up at their big and beautiful world.

Polaris loved to talk to the Moon the most. She was wise beyond compare, and told the most wonderful stories. He would sometimes stay up for hours, waiting for the Moon to speak to him.

Although the Moon was mad at Andromeda for going down to Earth and having a child with a human, she adored Polaris. She wished the little boy could be with her.

That crazy wish became possible when she lowered a stardust rope.

Chapter 4 by Arden~Twa



The moon was full and shining brilliantly when Polaris slipped out of the house that night, heading for the top of the hill where he always went. His father watched him go but said nothing. He had long given up trying to keep Polaris inside at night--the boy didn't seem to need much sleep, and besides, how else was he to see his mother?

Once atop the hill, Polaris lay down on the grass and gazed upward. The stars whispered a chorus of hellos, and Polaris politely returned their greetings, but his attention was on the moon. She was looking at him intently. He had known her long enough to know that this meant she had something to speak to him about.

"What is it, Luna?" he asked, using the name she had asked him to call her by.

"Don't you miss your mother, Polaris?" the moon asked.

The boy smiled. "I do. But it's nearly autumn now--I'll be close to her soon enough." The

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The moon's beams grew darker for just a moment. Though she adored the young child, she still held his father in great contempt.

But quickly, she brightened again.

"Oh, but you wouldn't be leaving him forever," she coaxed him. "And besides, it isn't fair that you should be with your father always and only see your mother for a few months each year."

"My mother has all of her sisters to be with," Polaris said patiently. "My father has nobody but me."

Luna tried to think of a counterargument for this, but was spared the need when the child added, "But even if he did have somebody else, there's no way for me to come up there."

"There is!" the moon told him. "Half of your blood is made of stardust. It won't burn you like it would a mortal human. If we were to make you a stardust rope, you could climb up to us."

Polaris hesitated, and the moon smiled in triumph, sure that she had convinced him.

"Tomorrow night," she whispered. "We will make you a rope, and tomorrow night, you can climb up for a visit."

"Only for a short while," Polaris said, relenting. "I can't leave my father for very long."

"Of course," she answered in a soothing voice. "Now, it's time you got some rest. Sleep, Polaris....sleep..." As she spoke, she let some of her shimmering moondust fall down onto him, and Polaris began to feel as if ocean waves were lulling him gently to sleep. His eyes closed and he drifted off into dreams of shooting stars.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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